

undefeated the previous year winning an “unofficial” title. But with this new opportunity on the horizon, C-PS demonstrated what real team work is to reach the pinnacle of this historic season.

With Head Coach Tim Brabant entering his second season in charge, the Tigers played strong hard-nosed football focusing on the basic fundamentals and taking each play one at a time. This meant players executing their designated assignments and beating the man in front of him. This also included playing sound defense with solid tackling and an implementing offense scheme that would make an NFL playbook look elementary. The Tigers kept constant pressure on their opponents forcing them to commit untimely errors and more importantly capitalizing on those mistakes.

After making the eight hour trek to Marquette in the Upper Peninsula to face-off against their opponent, the Rapid River Rockets, in the finals at the Superior Dome, the team brushed aside any potential distractions and solely focused on winning. Despite the best efforts of Rapid River, C-PS would not to be denied. Tigers had the proper preparation and were eager to seize the day.

Jumping out front quickly in the first quarter to a 27–6 lead, the Tigers saw that margin reduced by halftime to a 39–20 score. One important note is that unlike 11-man football, a 19 point lead is anything but safe. Similar to arena football, points can come quick and they can come often. But once again, the Tigers were up to the challenge and simply closed the door on the Rockets by shutting them out in the second half. This amazing feat is rarely accomplished in 8-player football. There is an old adage in sports which I think holds true for the Tiger's season, “Offense wins games, but defense wins championships.” I am proud to say the Tigers capped off this outstanding season with a 59–20 win and an overall record of 12 wins and only one defeat.

The Tigers throughout the year exhibited the intangible ingredients which make up a winning football team: heart, discipline and a positive attitude. As legendary Hall of Fame Green Bay Packers Coach Vince Lombardi once said, “A man can be as great as he wants to be. If you believe in yourself and have the courage, determination, the dedication and the competition drive and if you are willing to sacrifice the little things in life and pay the price for the things that are worthwhile, it can be done.”

I applaud these young men for remaining both mentally and physically ready to compete. In addition, I want to commend the Tigers for staying energized and focused each time they stepped on to the gridiron. I understand this can be extremely difficult considering the numerous pressures and distractions high school student-athletes can encounter.

Mr. Speaker, it is my pleasure to honor the hard work and sportsmanship displayed by all the team members. These individuals are: Danny Rickett, Justin Mackey, Sam Washe, Hayden Adams, Ryan Davis, Garrett Salisbury, Ismael Pacheco, Chase Munro, Steven Koehler, Tom Nantz, Aaron Smith, Tim Smith, Jon Childers, Chris Drescher, Levi Hurley, Tim Sherman, Nick Swift, Devin Adams and Trevor Adams along with Head Coach Tim Brabant, Defensive Coordinator Scott Steele, and Assistant Coaches Eugene Binder and Joe Rickett.

I also wish to acknowledge the administrators, teachers, cheerleaders, parents, students and fans alike for their assistance and support in making this an unforgettable season. The Tigers proved they had the talent, fortitude and resilience to rise to the challenge and accomplish their ultimate goal—a State Championship. Teamwork, perseverance and friendship all contributed to this title. I know the community and the entire Thumb Region takes great pride in what these young men were able to achieve.

In closing Mr. Speaker, I share that same pride. I want to offer my personal congratulations and best wishes. All the accolades, awards and trophies are rightfully deserved. Way to go Tigers!

PERSONAL EXPLANATION

HON. MICHAEL F. DOYLE

OF PENNSYLVANIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Friday, December 2, 2011

Mr. DOYLE. Mr. Speaker, I missed the following votes on December 1, 2011.

Roll 874: Jackson Lee (TX) Amendment (#2).—Exempts all rules promulgated by the Department of Homeland Security: “yes,” failed 173–244.

Roll 875: Cohen (TN) Amendment.—Exempts from the bill any rule that relates to food safety, workplace safety, consumer products safety, air or water quality: “yes,” failed 171–248.

Roll 876: Peters (MI) Amendment.—Exempts from the bill all rules that OMB determines would result in net job creation: “yes,” failed 179–243.

Roll 877: Jackson Lee (TX) Amendment (#5).—Requires a GAO report to determine the cost of carrying out the underlying bill and the effect it will have on federal agency rule making. In addition, the report would need to contain information on the impact of repealing the ability of an agency to waive provisions in the Regulatory Flexibility Act when responding to an emergency: “yes,” failed 172–250.

Roll 878: Johnson (GA) Amendment.—Creates an exception for any rule making that seeks to carry out the FDA Food Safety Modernization Act: “yes,” failed 170–250.

Roll 879: Democratic Motion to Recommit H.R. 527: “yes,” failed 188–233.

Roll 880: Final Passage of H.R. 527.—The Regulatory Flexibility Act (Rep. Smith (TX)—Judiciary): “no,” passed 263–159.

Roll 881: H.Res. 364—Designating room HVC 215 of the Capitol Visitor Center as the “Gabriel Zimmerman Meeting Room” (Rep. Wasserman Schultz—Transportation and Infrastructure) Suspension bill: “yes,” passed 419–0.

DELAURO MEMORIAL TABLE UNVEILING IN NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

HON. ANNA G. ESHOO

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Friday, December 2, 2011

Ms. ESHOO. Mr. Speaker, the following remarks were delivered by our colleague, Rep-

resentative ROSA L. DELAURO of Connecticut's Third Congressional District, on the occasion of the DeLauro Memorial Table Unveiling in New Haven, Connecticut, on Sunday, October 23, 2011.

Her remarks chronicle the extraordinary story of her mother and father, Luisa and Ted DeLauro, their neighborhood, their patriotism, and their service to a beloved community. It is the story of an American family, and the story of America as well. It also informs the U.S. House of Representatives why our colleague, Representative ROSA L. DELAURO, exhibits her values with such passion and excellence with her fighting spirit on behalf of her constituents, continuing the legacy of her parents' history and heritage.

Mr. Speaker, I ask the entire House of Representatives to pay tribute to our colleague, her parents, and all the members of the community who chose to honor the DeLauro family with their lasting tribute to them for all they have stood for and contributed. The name ‘DeLauro’ is synonymous with patriotism and service across generations and it is a privilege to place these words in the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD which describe how one family has so enriched the America they loved and served so magnificently.

REMARKS OF THE HON. ROSA L. DELAURO

DELAURO MEMORIAL TABLE UNVEILING,

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 23, 2011

(As prepared for delivery)

Well, this is very special, and I do not know how to express my appreciation. I am beyond words. What a turnout.

Above all, I am appreciative that my mother Luisa is here to witness what you have built, and to hear your thoughts about my dad Teddy and her and their work. Luisa will be 98 this Christmas Eve and, as you can see, she knows when she is the center of attention.

I want to thank Mayor John DeStefano who had the inspired idea for this tribute. He met with Lynn Fusco, Jamie Cohen, Gerry Weiner, Barbara Segaloff, Robert Mele and others to bring his idea to fruition, consulting with community contacts in hopes of this being a surprise to Luisa and me. I only found about this effort well after it was under way.

In a cynical time, it is sometimes difficult to believe that someone's motives are just what they seem, trying to find a way to honor people's contribution. Mayor, your words today capture so much of our shared history and heritage—and I will not forget the many who were generous enough to support this work.

I should also thank Alderman Michael Smart. Independently, he had the idea of naming the corner of Academy and Chapel for Luisa. That too was a surprise, which only underscores this neighborhood's feelings for Luisa.

Jamie Cohen is the closest of friends, a neighbor and now head of the Valley Community Foundation. We started together working for Chris Dodd and the Dodd family and I love that he helped organize this effort, mobilize such talents and call on people's generosity. I will always remember his words today.

I am in awe of Senator Chris Dodd deciding to be here and offering such a special view. More than anyone, Chris combines humanity, loyalty, family and effectiveness to play such an historic role, captured at the University of Connecticut's Thomas Dodd Research Center. He did not say it, but Chris took some of the biggest risks on me—to run his first Senate campaign, to lead his office in

Washington and run his re-election when I was still recovering from cancer surgery. No one has such a legacy and he continues to shape our future.

I especially want to thank Joe Carbone, who came to play the same role as me as chief-of staff to the mayor and who knew my Dad and believes his generation was touched by Teddy. I can remember my dad coming home from the supply house and saying, "Lou, the Carbones just had twin boys, Billy and Joey." And to this day, Joe will visit Luisa every weekend, where my mother gets so much joy in recounting the old political stories—Dick Lee, Arthur T. John Golden—and the exploits of so many neighborhood kids that she will tick off name by name, tale by tale.

I have to thank the Italian Societies who organized the reception for today's unveiling and who played such a critical role in this neighborhood and the Italian American community.

St. Andrews. Ladies and Men. Theresa Argento and Frank Gargano—and Theresa, that is a family that should be honored.

Santa Maria Maddelena—Ladies and Men—Andy Consiglio, who is always there for me; Rheta Debenedet

St. Catello. Irene Flynn

St. Trofemina—Julia Nicesaro

Santa Maria Delle Virgine—Ruby Proto

We have all been shaped by what our families brought with them from Amalfi, Scafati, Minori, and Maori. They forged a life in America centered in this neighborhood and now shape our future through at least three generations. My family's story is just a thread in that fabric of history. And this memorial is just a moment in that living history.

So many hands took such care and contributed so much to create this memorial. Darren Antolini at Fusco Corp and everyone who was part of the construction and installation; Barry Svigals at Svigals Partners; Anthony Capasso of Capasso & Sons; John DiTullio at Sign Lite; Start Community Bank; Bruce Alexander and Yale Press. I can see the love of their work in this table.

And so many people in the city government worked for this: Robert Levine, Parks Director, Christy Hass, Rosemarie Lemley, a force of nature, and Michael Abeshouse—who worked so closely with my mother for years providing support on the Board of Aldermen.

From the neighborhood: Harvey Koizim, Andy Ross, Beverly Carbonella, and so many others.

A committee of devoted friends of this community worked to produce this precious program booklet, above all Anthony Riccio, who has written so eloquently of the Italian-American contribution to this city and country and today devoted his words to capturing the lives of Teddy and Luisa and this family.

I want to thank in particular Barry Svigals, the sculptor who embraced this mission and captured my family's kitchen table on Green, Chapel and Olive Streets, where so many people sought help maneuvering through the maze of institutions not so welcoming to Italian Americans. But even more, they talked, planned and conspired on how to get the city to pay attention to this neighborhood and its needs. This table and chairs for me is timeless. It captures the humanity of an emerging community, now shared with others in this park. I thank you for that and I think so will this neighborhood.

Teddy and Luisa were devoted to me and made sure I got every possible lesson—dance, piano, French, horseback riding—How many Italian horseback riders do you know? And the very best Catholic education. I had the chance to go to St. Louis School, Lauralton Hall, Marymount College, the London School

of Economics and Columbia University. And above all, that I not work in the shirt shops, the mills or factories or the primer shop at Winchester—where my mother worked as a young woman during the war. Imagine what they would have done with the education they gave me.

They gave me my values too. We are today right across from St. Michael's Church reminding us that my father was a devout Catholic and daily communicant. There and at this table, life was a living lesson about hard work and decency, thinking of others, community and the honor of working to help others.

Luisa and Ted are special because so much of what they did they did together and shared around this table, just as Stan and I get to share in each other's work. Stan is here—just back flying overnight from Italy and Venezuela where he is working to elect new leaders. I regret that Stan never knew my father because they shared such a passion for politics and campaigns, from the local to the presidential.

My father was born in Scafati and came to the United States in 1913 and walked away from school in the 7th grade when they made fun of his halting English. Where do those values and will come from? He was totally self-educated, became the city court interpreter, helped translate letters for neighbors, and assisted on Yale research projects. He was a self-taught musician who became the first clarinetist in the U.S. Army band, and surrounded us with every Italian opera that he knew by heart. My folks took me at age 9 to see Aida at the Met. He had me listen to Beethoven's Symphonies, and asked me to identify the instruments, which I could not—but he could. He took me with my cousins to see the Yankees play. Only Joe DiMaggio was a bigger passion. When Stan worked for President Clinton, and we met Joe DeMaggio in the suite, I told him on Wooster Street people asked not how the Yankees did, but how Joe did. I wanted to find a way to call my Dad.

And he was so intense and animated about what was happening to people in this neighborhood. That was true whether he was going around door-to-door collecting insurance premiums during the Depression—and paying them himself when people were broke—or when he saw what the city and state contemplated for this neighborhood. That was true when he took the position as neighborhood liaison and director of this area's redevelopment. He went door-to-door showing his faith in this community, coaxing people to invest in their properties. With a band of architects, he convinced the owners to transform Court Street from a den of drunkenness, disease and odors to become the gateway to Wooster Square.

Teddy's passion sometimes became a temper. Ask Bill Donahue, who is here today. When he disagreed with the agency at a hearing, he would give up the gavel, go sit with the residents, and back them against the city. In fact, he and Luisa stood in front of the bulldozers to prevent them from razing more houses and from putting a highway through this neighborhood. So, I urge those who enjoy the quality of life in this neighborhood to remember the immigrant activists who made this possible.

My Mom and Dad wrote to me while I was at college in London October 23, 1962 during the Cuban Missile crisis, proud that President Kennedy was calling "Khrushchev's hand," but virtually in the same paragraph he wrote he was heading a "committee to finance the bust of Dr. Harry Conte, also to have a Community Christmas tree in our park. . . . Next week we will move from this office to the corner of Olive and Court, and the present site will be demolished to make

room for the new Greene St. housing. I'm sure that by July 1963 when you get back you will see many projects completed. . . . There is no need to tell you how much we miss you, and we are counting the days until your return."

My Dad was known as the 'Mayor of Wooster Square' and he and Luisa founded and headed the Wooster Square Neighborhood Association, worked to have this neighborhood declared the first historic district in the city and Luisa started the Cherry Blossom Festival.

It was Teddy who decided politics was the right way to make a difference. He became head of the 10th ward Democratic committee when Franklin Roosevelt and Harry Truman defined what it meant to be a Democrat and a proud American. He ran once for the board of aldermen, giving it up to make enough money to pay for my college education. Luisa lost her first efforts to win the 8th ward, before winning and serving amazingly for 35 years—the longest serving member of the Board in this city. Our home was surrounded by books of minutes, agendas, budgets, as she took her role very seriously on the Board of Finance—holding six mayors and innumerable department heads accountable.

As was expected at the time, my grandmother had my mother leave school when she was 13—starting to work at Strauss Adler when she was legally able at age 14. Think of that. She would educate herself at night but she worked in the factories through the war. She was still working on the sewing machine for piecework wages when I was a young girl in the 1950s.

Yet in 1933 at age 20—three-quarters of a century ago—she wrote in the tenth ward's Democratic newsletter—"my motive . . . is to encourage the female members of this organization to take a more active part in its affairs. We are not living in the middle ages when a woman's part in life was merely to serve her master in her home" and should enter the "here-to-fore stronghold of the male sex: politics." "Come on girls, let's make ourselves heard."—those words now immortalized in this sculpture.

Where did that come from?

She was so dogged and fearless and nothing brought out her qualities like a good fight. She worked for affordable housing, from Columbus Mall to Winslow Celantano to Farnam Courts. She was unrivaled in trying find people a job. Above all, she went to the senior centers and worked for the residents of Winslow Celantano like they were her own parents. When they lost their heat, she went around to every store on Wooster Street every day to make sure the residents had food. Long before America got it, she fought for everyone regardless of color or gender.

She was above all and continuously a woman of her times that had no end point. When this country faced the tumultuous cultural changes of the 1960s and the Vietnam war, my father was not at all comfortable with what he saw. We had some serious moments. In one of my parents' letters during the Cuban Missile Crisis, he wrote, "Now, I'm going to preach again. This concerns the situation between us, and Cuba. In your conversations with the English, you may note they are not in favor of the blockade. Please do not get into any controversial arguments. Do not join any demonstrations in London either for or against anything. Occupy yourself with your studies, and whenever you have free time enjoy yourself."

A decade later, Luisa DeLauro in her sixties backed Joe Duffy, the anti-war Democrat against the wishes of the machine, not to mention Joe Lieberman against Ed Marcus. She supported the primary challenge of Frank Logue against the machine

candidate and faced political wrath of Arthur Barbieri, including a primary challenge for her own seat.

My own story is not so interesting once you think about the two great influences in my own life. It was written. And I will not dwell on my work, though so much of this began at this kitchen table. My father wanted me to be a pianist and if not that, to make \$10,000 a year. He asked me what I wanted to be when I grew up. I said a dancer—he said get a more stable profession! He did not think I would make it politics because I had too much book learning in my head and not enough experience working and living with people—understanding their lives.

But politics was in my blood and for many years I worked for a succession of civic and elected leaders—from the Community Action Institute to the city of New Haven, from Frank Logue to Chris Dodd.

When I was discovered to have ovarian cancer and beat that back with wondrous nurses and doctors at Yale New Haven Hospital, I made a decision that I too had to run for office and play a role in this tradition. Nothing was a bigger honor than to be elected to the Third Congressional seat in the tradition of Albert Cretella, Bob Giaimo, Larry DeNardis, and Bruce Morrison. Eleven times the people of this district have sent me to Washington to battle for them—as my father and mother would have done in their day. I now believe it is no accident that today my bill to bar discrimination against the unemployed is part of President Obama's Jobs Bill, because my dad asked in his time why the workers at Candee Rubber Company who helped make it profitable in good times lost their jobs in bad times. And I believe it is no accident that I stood right behind the president when he signed his first law, The Fair Pay Act, because my mother asked the same challenging questions when she was but 20.

What motivates what I do springs from growing up in an Italian-Catholic household, with Teddy and Luisa DeLauro. This sculpture brings it full circle, with all our words captured here.

Mayor, thank you for getting this started, thank you all for joining my family today, and enjoy this neighborhood where my mother still lives and where it all began.

All the best.

ANNOUNCING RECIPIENTS OF THE INAUGURAL CONGRESSIONAL VETERAN COMMENDATION FOR THE THIRD DISTRICT OF TEXAS—JIM REED

HON. SAM JOHNSON

OF TEXAS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Friday, December 2, 2011

Mr. SAM JOHNSON of Texas. Mr. Speaker, it is a privilege to announce before my colleagues in the United States House of Representatives the names of eleven distinguished military veterans and community servants who call the Third District of Texas home. For their selfless service and dedication to their neighbors and nation, the following individuals have been selected as recipients of the inaugural Congressional Veteran Commendation:

During World War II, Mr. Jim Reed of Plano, Texas was a rifleman with E Company, 2nd Battalion, 23rd Regiment, 4th Marine Division. Based out of Camp Lejeune, the division deployed to the Pacific Theater of War in 1944

and engaged in the Battle of the Marshall Islands, the Battle of Saipan, and the Battle of Tinian. On August 9, 1944, while compassionately trying to convince Japanese citizens in Saipan not to jump off a suicide cliff, Reed was shot in the back of the head by a sniper. Evacuated to Guadalcanal and then Pearl Harbor with a Purple Heart pinned to his robe, Reed would not stay down for long.

In February 1945, with Tinian as a launching point, Reed and his fellow Marines stormed Iwo Jima. The mission of the 23rd Marines was to capture Motoyama Airfield No. 1 within 24 hours of landing. However, after three days they had not reached their objective and lost a third of their men. Fortunately, the 3rd Division came ashore as support and together they pushed through to the airfield.

The next objective was even tougher. In their trek toward Motoyama Airfield No. 2, the Marines fought uphill through ravines and over cliffs while the Japanese fired at them from tunnels and fortresses built into the land. After 10 days of fighting, only 15 remained of Reed's company of about 250 men. Reed had again been wounded, earning him his second Purple Heart. This ended Jim Reed's war.

A favorite speaker at Veterans Day events, Mr. Reed selflessly shares his story with all generations of Americans and serves veterans-support organizations around North Texas, including the Daughters of WWII.

It is an honor and privilege to name Jim Reed a recipient of the inaugural Congressional Veteran Commendation for the Third District of Texas.

RECOGNIZING MS. ETHEL LEE HOWARD FOR HER COMMITMENT COUNTERING CIVIL INJUSTICES

HON. BENNIE G. THOMPSON

OF MISSISSIPPI

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Friday, December 2, 2011

Mr. THOMPSON of Mississippi. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor a longtime resident and devoted civil servant of Port Gibson, Mississippi, Ms. Ethel Lee Howard.

Ms. Howard has been an advocate of civil rights for more than 50 years. She joined the fight for civil rights in the early 1960s when the movement first came to Claiborne County, Mississippi. She began her efforts by frequenting meetings held at St. Peter's African Methodist Episcopal Church hosted by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People—an organization she soon after became a member.

During the civil rights era, Ms. Howard fought vigorously for equal rights; she was among the first to send her daughter, Jessie, to a predominantly white school in Mississippi during the 1960s and when First Baptist Church of Port Gibson was fired upon with gunshots by police and other law enforcement officials, Ms. Howard's voice reigned high among all those who stood firmly to echo the sounds against injustice.

To this day, Ms. Howard still serves as a faithful member of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and actively attends many of its community functions and meetings. In 2007, she was honored as Mother of the Year for the NAACP during a ceremony at the First Baptist Church in Port Gibson, Mississippi.

Mr. Speaker, I ask that you and my colleagues join me in celebrating Ms. Ethel Lee Howard for her unwavering commitment to civil justice and equality.

PERSONAL EXPLANATION

HON. BETTY SUTTON

OF OHIO

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Friday, December 2, 2011

Ms. SUTTON. Mr. Speaker, on rollcall No. 880, a vote on H.R. 527, I inadvertently and mistakenly voted "aye" on passage of the bill, when I intended to vote "nay." I have always stood by our working families to defend critical regulations that protect our environment and public safety, and believe that a "no" vote on final passage properly reflects my record and the priorities of my district.

A TRIBUTE TO THE HONORABLE LYDIA Y. KIRKLAND

HON. ROBERT A. BRADY

OF PENNSYLVANIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Friday, December 2, 2011

Mr. BRADY of Pennsylvania. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor the Honorable Lydia Y. Kirkland. For 25 years, Judge Kirkland has served on the Philadelphia Municipal Court, and on November 4, 2011 she celebrated her retirement after decades of service to her community.

Judge Kirkland's roots run deep in Philadelphia. During the difficult days of American segregation, her grandparents and great grandparents were among the most accomplished business persons and clergy in Philadelphia. Indeed, her grandfather, Reverend Doctor James E. Kirkland pastured the Union Baptist Church, the congregation which gave the magnificent Marian Anderson to the world. Judge Kirkland's father, Rev. Joseph Kirkland was a renowned cleric and civil rights leader in his own right, having graduated Crozer Theological Seminary in my district. His classmate and friend at Crozer was The Reverend Doctor Martin Luther King, Jr.

Judge Kirkland received both her Bachelor of Science and Juris Doctorate Degrees from Howard University in Washington, DC in 1974 and 1977 respectively. In 1978 she was admitted into the Pennsylvania Bar. Judge Kirkland was an associate in the Law Office of retired City Councilwoman Augusta A. Clark from 1979–1980. She was a sole practitioner, serving the people of my district, from 1980–1985.

Judge Kirkland was elected to the Philadelphia Municipal Court in 1985. During her tenure she was elected Secretary of the Board of Judges. She distinguished herself on the bench, receiving the 2009 Judge A. Leon Higginbotham Award, presented by the Barister's Association of Philadelphia, and the Judge Doris M. Harris Image Award, presented by the National Bar Association Women Lawyer's Division—Philadelphia Chapter and other awards. Judge Kirkland is the proud mother of two sons Joseph C. Cornell and Joel Kirkland Cornell.

Judge Kirkland's long and impressive career showcases her commitment and service to her